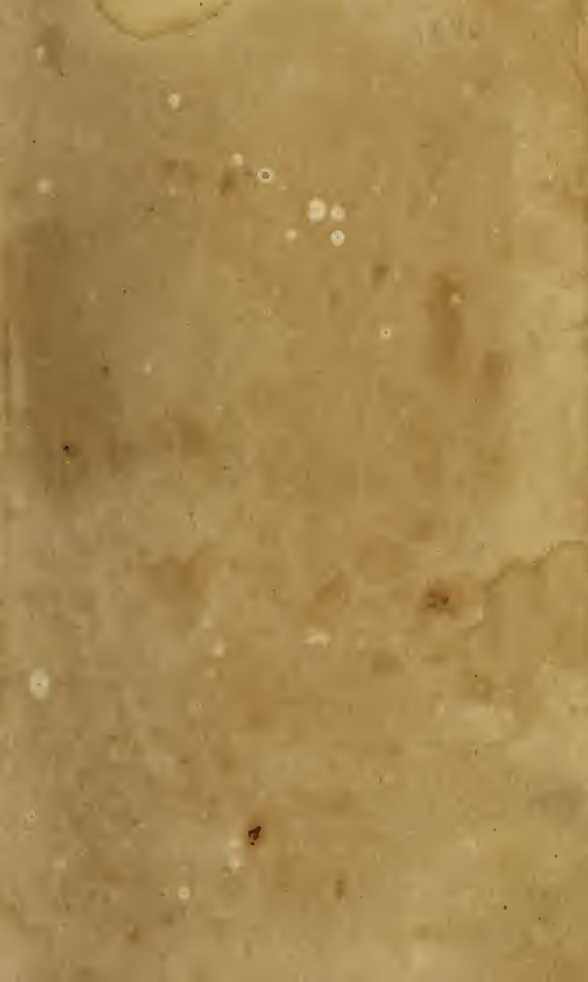


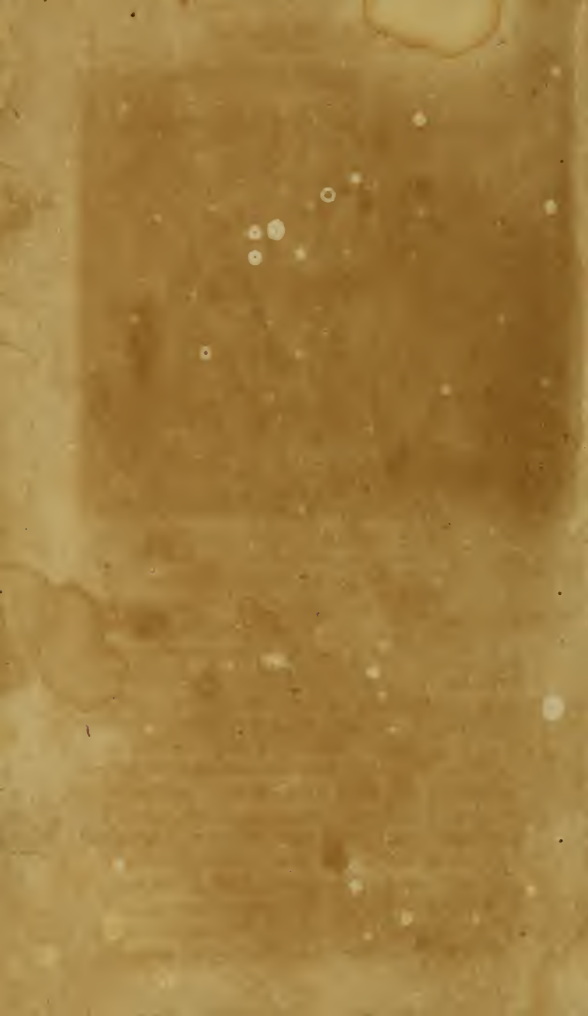
LITTLE STORIES
FOR
YOUNG FOLKS



T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau St. N.Y.







DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS.



THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the litte busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower ;
How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief stil'
For idle hands to do.
In books, or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be pass'd,
That I may give for every day,
Some good account at last.



THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose what a beautiful flower,
 The glory of April and May ;
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour
 And they wither and die in a day !
 Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast
 Above all the flowers of the field ;
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
 lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield.
 So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Though they bloom and look gay like the rose .
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.
 'Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade ;
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty,
 'This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.



THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I hear him complain,
 You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again.
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed, [head.
 Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy
 A little more sleep, and a little more slumber ;
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without
 number ;

And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
 Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild briar,
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher,
 The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags :
 And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
 He had made better care of improving his mind ;
 He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking,
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves
 thinking,



AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHT'ING.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God hath made them so ;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise ;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
 And all your words be mild ;
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son
 That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
 And as His stature grew,
 He grew in favour both with man,
 And God, his Father, too.

Now Lord of all, he reigns above,
 And from His heavenly throne
 He sees what children dwell in love
 And marks them for his own.



THE LIAR.

O'tis a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in Wisdom's way
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.
 But liars we can never trust ;
 Tho' they should speak the thing that's true
 And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.
 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read
 How God abhors deceit and wrong ?
 How Ananias was struck dead,
 Caught with a lie upon his tongue ?
 So did his wife Sapphira, die,
 When she came in, and grew so bold
 As to confirm that wicked lie
 Which, just before, her husband told.
 The Lord delights in them that speak
 The word of truth ; but every liar
 Must have his portion in the lake
 That burns with brimstone and with fire.



LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Whatever brawls disturb the street
 There should be peace at home;
 Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
 And 'tis a shameful sight,
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,
 That are but noisy breath,
 May grow to clubs and naked swords,
 To murder and to death.



THE ANT OR EMMET.

These emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
 We tread them to dust and a troop of them dies,
 Without our regard or concern ;
 Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard and many a fool
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play
 But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores :
 They manage their work in such regular forms.
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the
 And so brought their food within-doors. [storms,
 But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time :
 When death or old age shall stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days
 If I trifle away all their prime !



PRAISE FOR GOD'S MERCIES

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see!
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his gifts to me?
 Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God has given me more;
 For I have food, while others starve
 Or beg from door to door.
 How many children in the street,
 Half naked I behold!
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
 And cover'd from the cold.
 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head,
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.
 While others early learn to swear
 And curse, and lie, and steal,
 Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
 And do Thy holy will.



AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

Why should our garments made to hide,
 Our parents shame, provoke our pride?
 The art of dress did ne'er begin
 Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.
 When first she put her covering on,
 Her robe of innocence was gone;
 And yet her children vainly boast
 In the sad marks of glory lost.
 How proud we are! how fond to show
 Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
 When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
 That very clothing long before.
 The tulip and the butterfly
 Appear in gayer coats than I;
 Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
 Flies, Worms, and Flowers, exceed me still.
 Then will I set my heart to find
 Inward adornings of the mind;
 Knowledge of virtue, truth, and grace,
 These are the robes of richest dress.



THE SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
 Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun.

And there follow'd some droppings of rain :
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins
 And melts into tears ! then he breaks out and shines

And travels his heavenly way ;
 But when he comes nearer, to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace
 And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days.
 Of rising in brighter array.



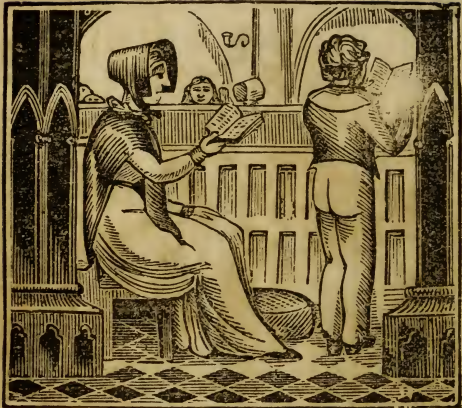
OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Let children that would fear the Lord,
 Mind what their teachers say ;
 With reverence hear their parents' word,
 And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
 Are threaten'd by the Lord,
 To him that breaks his father's law,
 Or mocks his mother's word.

What heavy guilt upon him lies,
 How cursed is his name ?
 The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
 And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God and give
 Their parents honour due,
 Here on this earth they long shall live,
 And live hereafter too.



THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

This is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead ;
 Why should I let my eyelids close,
 And waste my hours in bed ?

This is the day when Jesus broke
 The powers of death and he'l ;
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well ?

To-day with pleasure, Christians meet,
 To pray and hear thy Word ;
 And I will go with cheerful feet
 To learn Thy will, O Lord !

I'll leave my sport to read and pray
 And so prepare for heaven ;
 O may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the seven.

MOTHER HUBBARD

AND

HER DOG.



Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To fetch her poor dog a bone,
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got none.



She went to the Baker's
To buy him some bread,
When she came back
She thought he was dead.
She let the bread fall
And burst out a crying,
Then said, who'd have thought
That the poor dog was dying.



She went to the Undertaker's
To buy him a coffin,
When she came back
She found the dog laughing.
Which pleased the old Dame,
Though she took up her stick
And gave him a basting,
For playing the trick.



She went to the Cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
When she came back
He was reading the news
About Fires, and Murders,
And Tories, and Whigs,
And Arabs, and Tumblers,
And three learned Pigs



She went to the Hatter's
To buy him a hat,
When she came back
He was feeding the cat.
The Old Dame was pleased
At the comical sight,
And thought Master Pompey
Was wond'rous polite.



She went to the Tailor's
To buy him a suit,
When she came back
He was sounding the flute,
Then played 'Rory O'More,
And The Rushes so Green,
A health to Prince Albert,
And God save the Queen



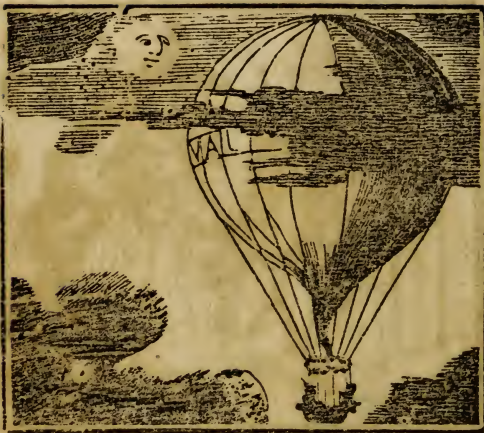
She went to the gardens
To see the Giraffe
When the monkey's fine pranks
Made both of them laugh.
But the lion and tiger
And panther and bear
So frightened poor Pompey
He would not stop there.



She went to the Rail-road
The Dog followed after,
Their places were book'd
In an uproar of laughter.
Then mounted the train,
The dame and her spark,
And in less than ten minutes
Arrived in the Park.



Took a walk up the hill
And had a fine view
Of the vessels, the College,
And Father Thames too.
The tide being fair
From the hill they came down
And rode in the steam-boat
From Greenwich to town.



Then got in the Car
 Of the Vauxhall Balloon
 But for want of more ballast
 Went up to the moon.
 Where the N'an with his sticks
 Kindly welcom'd them in,
 To a seat, to a cake,
 And a quartern of * * *



Now both of them wishing
That they might again go
To London, slid down
On the edge of the Rainbow.
This frighten'd the Dog
Who was glad when he found
By the dump, that they both
Had got safe to the ground.



But this sort of riding
 So frighten'd the pair,
 They determin'd to travel
 No more in the air.
 The Dame rose and courteous
 The Dog made a bow,
 The Dame said your servant
 The dog said bow wow.

DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.



Who kill'd Cock Robin ?

I said the Sparrow,

With my bow and arrow,

I kill'd Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow

With his bow and arrow



Who saw him die ?

I said the Fly,

With my little eye,

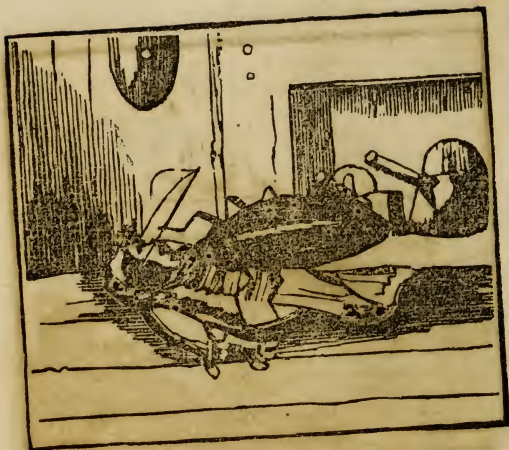
I saw him die.

This is the Fly,

With his little eye.



Who caught his blood
I said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood
This is the Fish,
With his little dish.



Who'll make his Shroud ?

I said the Beetle,

With my thread and needle,

I'll make his Shroud.

This is the Beetle,

With his thread and needle.



Who'll dig his grave ?

I said the Owl,

With my spade and trowel,

I'll dig his grave.

'This is the Owl,

With his spade and trowel



Who'll bear the Pall ?

We, said the Wren,

Both the Cock and the Hen,

We'll bear the pall.

The pretty Wrens so small,

That bore Cock Robin's pall.



Who'll carry him to the grave ?

I said the Kite,

If it's not in the night,

I'll carry him to the grave.

Behold the kite

Taking his flight.



Who'll be the Parson ?

I said the Rook,

With my little book

I'll be the Parson.

This is the Rook

With his little book



Who'll be the Clerk ?

I said the Lark,

If it's not in the Gark

I'll be the Clerk.

Behold how the Lark

Says AMEN like a Clerk



Who'll be chief mourner ?

I said the Dove,

Because I mourn'd for my love

I'll be chief mourner.

This is the Dove

That mourn'd for her love.



Who'll toll the bell ?

I said the Bull,
Because I can pull,

I'll toll the bell

And let them all know

Ty its mournful ding dong

The tragical end

Of Poor Robin's song.



All the birds in the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell
For poor Cock Robin.
While the cruel Cock Sparrow,
The cause of their grief,
Was hung on a gibbet
Next day like a thief.

SPORTS

FOR ALL

SEASONS.



THE HOOP.

The hoop is a pleasant, healthy, and amusing toy for children; but should be used only in fine weather. Charles Grey and his sister, had their hoops taken away, and got into sad disgrace, by coming home to their mamma, covered with dirt. Some children disgrace themselves and injure their parents, by thoughtlessly spoiling those clothes that have been obtained for them at great expense and trouble.



THE TRUANTS.

George Green and his brother Robert were playing truant one day in the fields, when George seeing a butterfly flutter along, tried to catch it, and after a long chase, knocked it down with his cap; while he was doing this, his brother saw a black-bird go into his nest in a tree, and immediately climbed up to get the young ones, when the bough broke he fell down, and cut his head. When George returned, he cried aloud for help, and was very much shocked at his brother's misfortune, though he had not reflected on the butterfly's sufferings.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

How cruel the boy, who can feel any joy in robbing
 a bird of its young,
 Or eagerly run, and call it good fun, to knock a
 poor butterfly down.

Come hither dear Sue, see what I have for you,
 Three fine trembling blackbirds undrest ;
 Oh dear master Bob 'tis unfeeling to rob
 A poor little bird of its nest.

How would you quake if a giant could take you
 You away from your home and kind friends,
 Don't you think 'twill be best to return them the nest
 And make their poor parents amends.



THE MAY POLE.

In times of old as we are told,
 With sport and pastime gay ;
 Round flowery pole each lusty soul
 Bids welcome to sweet May.

But now alas, how changed the scene !
 Clowns, shovels, sticks, and noise ;
 Jack in the green, a sooty queen,
 And half a dozen boys.



BATHING.

How charming and cool! in river or pool, when
 heated your body, to bathe;
 But it will be found, that more have been drown'd
 in learning, than knowing e'er saved.

Bathing should be attempted only in company with an expert swimmer, as it is often fatal to young beginners. Henry Wellesley, though often warned of the danger, got into a hole at the bottom of the river, and would have been drowned, had not his cousin called Giles, the farmer's man, to his assistance, who plunged in the river just in time to save him; had no one been within hearing, a few minutes would have punished him for his disregard to those who had taken an interest in his welfare.



MAKING HAY.

The trees are now all clothed in green,
With warblers on each spray ;
The lark pours forth his early strain
To welcome in the day.

The grass invites the mowers scythe
To crop it from the ground,
And lasses with their wooden rakes
To scatter it around.

The school boys hurry to the field
With hearts elate and gay,
Eager the grass to toss about,
And tumble in the hay.



REAPING.

The farmer surveys his ripe corn with delight,
 The reaper his sickle prepares,
 The gleaner gets ready to gather her mite,
 Content with a few straggling ears.

But e'en the old gleaner is sometimes refused
 Her poor little pittance to scan
 And driven away, heart broken—abused
 By some wretch in the form of a man.

I'm sure no good children will follow that plan
 If bless'd with abundance in store;
 Bu' relieve pale misfortune wherever they can
 And ne'er turn their backs on the poor.



THE ACCIDENT.

Trap ball and Cricket are juvenile Field Sports and not fit to be played near the houses, much to the annoyance of the neighbours, where it generally ends in the ball going through a window; then you find, too late; that you have been "doing more mischief in a minute, than you can mend in a month"; after having their pocket money stopped for some time to replace the glass they had broken, they pitched their traps and wickets in a more suitable place for the game.



THE SPORTSMAN.

The face of nature changes fast,
 Its colors fade away,
 And dingy foliage strews the earth
 That lately look'd so gay.

The harvest o'er and safely housed,
 The stumble on the ground
 Invites the eager sportsman forth
 To take his pleasant round.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

One Christmas day, Grace Huntly had a party of young friends to see her, and were amusing themselves at blind man's buff, when her frock caught fire, and would have burnt her to death, if her father had not been called to her assistance, who rolled her on the carpet, and put out the flames; but not until she was sadly scorched.

It is much easier to guard against an accident, than to remedy it; had she placed the chairs round the fire, and cleared the table, it would not have caused so much hindrance to the enjoyment of the good things provided for the occasion.



THE ROBIN.

Good morning Master Bob,
 What's brought you to my gate?
 Last week you chirp'd farewell
 And set off with your mate;

Has she proved false to you,
 Or you a faithless beau?
 No mistress 'tis not that,
 It is the frost and snow.

Our match was made in haste,
 Too soon in life we started;
 Our nest was fill'd with snow,
 We had a tiff—and parted.



DECEMBER.

December cold, with frost and snow,
 The last month of the year,
 Has little to enliven us
 Except his christmas cheer—

His game of forfeits—blind man's buff—
 Or other gambols gay
 With many lightsome sports, to pass
 The dreary nights away,

The smoking pudding on the board
 With good roast beef and ale,
 The cheerful fire round the hearth
 And merry christmas tale.



Margery Meanwell and her brother Tommy were two poor ragged orphans who lost their parents when they were very young ; they had nothing to support them but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they lay every night in a barn. Tommy had two shoes, Margery had only one, but a kind gentlemen of the name of Smith, sent for the children, ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, some clothes, and said he would take Tommy and make him a little sailor ; and accordingly had a Jacket and Trowsers made for him. The parting between these two little children was very affecting. At last Tommy wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, that he would come to her again, when he returned from sea.

As soon as little Margery got up in the morning, the shoe-maker came in with the new shoes, she put them on, and cried out, Two-shoes, see Two-shoes ! And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of



Goody Two Shoes ; she wanted of all things to learn to read. For this purpose she used to meet the little boys and girls as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. She soon found, that only the following letters were required to spell all the words in the world ; and cut out ten sets of each to play with, the usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the game, as they called it, was thus: suppose the word to be spelt was CAKE, the children were placed in a circle, and the first brought the letter C, the next A, the next K, the next E ; if any one produced a wrong letter, he was to pay a fine, or play no more. One morning Mrs. Smith went with her to Farmer Simpson's : Bow, wow, wow, says the dog at the door, Sirrah ! says his mistress, what do you bark at Little Two Shoes ? Come in Madge ; here Sally wants you sadly, she has learned all her lesson, so I have, said the little one, when she set them up thus

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W
X Y Z



ba be bi bo bu, ca ce ci co cu
da de di do du, fa fe fi fo fu

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them.

The next place we came to was Farmer Thomson's: where the Children all came round her, and though at the other place they were employed about words and syllables, here we had people of much greater understanding, who dealt only in Sentences.

The Letters being brought upon the Table, the little ones set up the following Sentences:

He that will thrive, must rise by five.

He that hath thriv'n, may lie till seven.

Truth may be blam'd, but cannot be sham'd.

Use soft words and hard arguments.

Honey catches more flies than Vinegar.

A Lie stands upon one leg, Truth upon two.

Bad Company poisons the Mind.

As we were returning home, we saw a gentleman, who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree, at the corner of his rookery. Though ill, he be-



gan to joke with little Margery, and said, laughingly, So, Goody Two Shoes, they tell me you are a cunning little Baggage: Pray can you tell me what I shall do to get well? Yes, Sir, says she, go to bed when your rooks do. You see they are going to rest already; Do you so likewise, and get up with them in the morning; earn, as they do, every day what you eat, and eat and drink no more than you earn; and you will get health and keep it. What should induce the rooks to frequent gentlemen's houses only, but to tell them how to lead a prudent life? They never build over cottages or farm-houses, because they see, that these people know how to live without their admonition. The gentleman laughing, gave Margery sixpence, and told her she was a sensible Hussey.

A little further on we met Lady Pomp's funeral. Here is a fine hearse said Madge, and the plumes on the horses look very grand; but what end does that answer, otherwise than to show the pride of the living, or the vanity of the dead; and heaven grant that those who want more sense may have



it. But all the country round came to see the burying and it was late before the corpse was interred. After which, in the night, or rather about four o'clock in the morning, the bell was heard to toll, which frightened the people prodigiously, who all thought it was Lady Pomp's ghost. The people ran to Will Dobbins the clerk, and wanted him to go and see what it was: but Will said, he was sure it was a ghost, and that he would not open the door. A ghost! ye blockheads, says Mr. Long the Parson, who was standing by, did either of you ever see a ghost, or know any body that did? Yes, says the clerk, my father did once, in the shape of a windmill and it walked all round the church in a white sheet, with top boots on, and had a gun by its side instead of a sword.

A fine picture of a ghost truly, says Mr. Long; give me the key, I will open the door, and what sort of a ghost do you think appeared? Why, little Two Shoes, who being weary; had fallen asleep in one of the pews during the funeral service, and was shut in all night. She immediately asked



Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him, and told him she had been locked in the church, and said, she should not have rung the bell, but that she was very cold. The people were ashamed to ask little Madge any questions before Mr. Long; but as soon as he was gone, they all got round her to satisfy their curiosity, and desired she would give them a particular account of all that she had heard and seen. I went to the church, said she, as most of you did last night, to see the burying; and being very weary, I sat me down in a pew, and fell fast asleep. At eleven o'clock I awoke; which I believe was in some measure occasioned by the clock's striking, for I heard it. I started up, and could not at first tell where I was, but after some time I recollected the funeral, and soon found that I was shut in the church. It was dismal dark, and I could see nothing; but while I was standing in the pews, something jumped upon me behind, and laid, as I thought, its hands over my shoulders; I own I was a little afraid at first, however. I considered that I had done no harm



but had endeavoured to do what good I could and when, thought I, what have I to fear? Yet I knelt down to say my prayers, when something cold as ice touched my neck, which made me start; however, I walked down the church aisle, when I heard something behind me go pit pat, pit pat, I could not think what it was, but I knew it would not hurt me and therefore I made myself easy; but being cold, and damp, I felt the way as well as I could to the pulpit, in doing which something brushed past me, and almost threw me down. At last, having found the pulpit and laid down on the cushion to sleep; something thrust the door, as I thought, for admittance, presently it cries, Bow, wow, wow; and I concluded it must be Mr. San-Jerson's dog, which had followed me to church; so I opened the door, and called Snip, Snip, and the dog jumped upon me immediately. After this, Snip and I lay down together, and had a most comfortable nap, for when I awoke again, it was almost light.

I went into the vault close to Lady Pomp's cof



sn, but saw no ghost, for why? because there is no such thing; though if I had not been undeceived I might have taken Snip for a sprite.

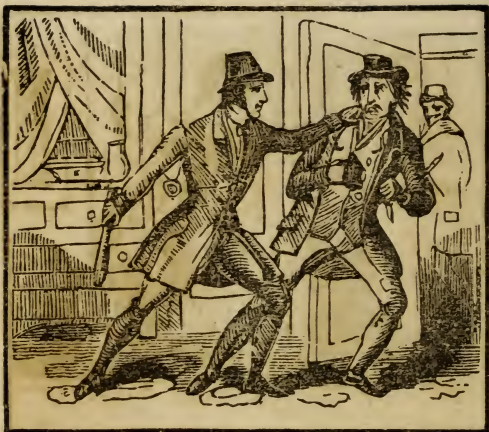
Some days after this, she happened to be coming late from teaching, when as it rained, thundered, and lightened, she took shelter in a barn near the village. Soon after, the tempest drove in four thieves, who, (not seeing little Two Shoes under the straw, who laid still, and breathed very softly) began to lay plans for robbing the houses of Sir William Dove and Justice Gripe, after this they all set out upon their pranks, which greatly rejoiced Margery.

Early in the morning she went to Sir William and informed him of the whole of their conversation. Upon which he asked her name, gave her something, and bid her call at his house the day following, she also went to Lady Gripe, and informed her ladyship of the affair. The robbers divided themselves, and went about the time mentioned to both houses; were surprised by the guard; and taken. Upon examining these wretch



es, one of which turned evidence, Sir William found that they owed their lives to the discovery made by Margery, so he took great notice of her and got her appointed mistress to the village school, where a curious accident happened, which I will relate. One morning the dog laid hold of Margery's apron and tried to pull her out of the room, She was at first surprised; however, she followed him to see what he intended: no sooner had he led her into the garden, but he ran back, and pulled out one of the children in the same manner upon which the others all came out to look at them when the roof of the room fell in. What a miraculous deliverance was here! How gracious! How good was God Almighty, to save all these children from destruction, and to make use of such an instrument, as a little sagacious animal, to accomplish his Divine Will.

She was so much liked, that most of the differences in the parish were left to her decision; and if a man and his wife quarrelled (which sometimes happened in that part of the kingdom) both par



ties certainly came to her for advice. Every body knows that Martha Wilson was a passionate scolding jade, and that John her husband was a surly ill-tempered fellow. These were one day brought by the neighbours, for Margery to talk to them, when they fairly quarrelled before her, and were going to blows, but she stepping between them, thus addressed the husband: John, says she, you are a man, and ought to have more sense than to fly in a passion, at every word that is said amiss by your wife; and Martha. says she, you ought to know your duty better, than to say any thing to aggravate your husband's resentment. These frequent quarrels arise from the indulgence of your violent passions: for I know you both love one another, notwithstanding what has passed between you. Now, pray tell me John, and tell me Martha, when you have had a quarrel over night, are you not both sorry for it the next day? They both declared that they were: Why then, says she, I'll tell you how to prevent this for the future, if you will both take my advice. They both promised



her. Then said she you must solemnly agree, that if one speaks an angry word, the other will not answer till he or she has counted twelve, and the other not reply, till he has told twenty; by this means your passions will be stifled, and reason will have time to take the rule: in short as Margery grew in size, so she increased in goodness and wisdom till she was the favourite of the whole village. At length Sir Charles Jones gave her a considerable sum of money to take care of his family, and educate his daughters, a task she performed with so much care and tenderness that he offered her his hand declaring that nothing would make him so happy as to know she would never leave him. This offer she at first declined, but after a little persuasion on his part the pleasure and honour were too great for her refusal, and in the course of a short time all things being settled and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding; but just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed ran into the church, and cried, Stop! stop! This greatly



alarmed the congregation, particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted, and desired to speak with them apart. After they had been talking some little time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride faint in the strangers arms. This seeming grief, however, was only a prelude to the happiness which succeeded; for this gentleman was no other than Margery's brother who had just come from sea, where he had saved a large fortune, and hearing of his sister's marriage had rode post, to see that a proper settlement was made on her, which he thought she was now entitled to, as he was both able and willing to give her an ample fortune. They soon returned to the communion table, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy, Sir Charles and Lady Jones spent their time together in a state of happiness, blest with a family who partook of their parents good qualities.

Thus were the advantages of good conduct illustrated in so humble an individual as

LITTLE TWO SHOES.

MARY THE MAID

OF THE

I N N .



Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly
fixed eyes
Seem a heart over charg'd to express ?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs ;
She never complains—but silence implies
The composure of settled distress.



No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek,
 Cold and hunger awake not her care;
 Thro' the rags do the winds of the winter blow
 bleak

On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare, and
 her cheek

Has the deadly pale hue of despair.
 church in a white sheet, with top boots on, and

Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day,)
 Poor Mary, the Maniac, has been;
 The trav'ler remembers, who journey'd this
 way,

No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
 As Mary, the maid of the Inn.



Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with de-
 light,
 As she welcom'd them in with a smile:
 Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
 And Mary would walk by the abbey at
 night,
 When the wind whistled down the dark isle.

She lov'd—and young Richard had settled the
 day,
 And she hop'd to be happy for life;
 But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
 Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and
 say,
 That she was too good for his wife.



'Twas in Autumn, and stormy and dark was
 the night,
 And fast were the windows and door ;
 Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt
 bright,
 And smoking in silent and tranquil delight,
 They listened to hear the wind roar.

'Twas pleasant, cried one seated by the fire
 side,
 To hear the wind whistle without,
 'A fine night for the abbey,' his comrade re-
 plied,
 Methinks a man's courage would now be
 well tried,
 Who would wander the ruins about.



I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to
hear,

The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead.
man, who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree.

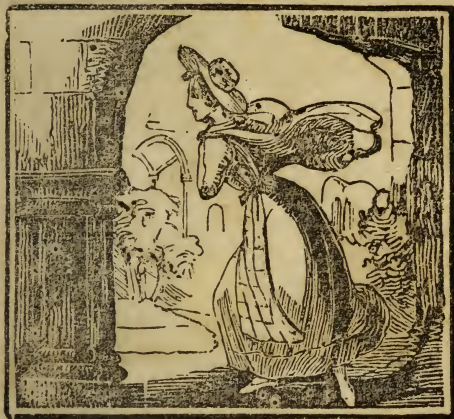
' I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cried,
That Mary would venture there now:
Then wager and loose with a sneer he replied
I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow.



‘Will Mary this charge on her courage allow,
 His companion exclaimed with a smile;
 I shall win; for I know she will venture there
 now:

And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough
 From the alder that grows in the aisle.
 would take Tommy and make him a little sailor,

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
 And her way to the abbey she bent;
 The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high
 And as hollowly howling it swept through
 the sky,
 She shiver’d with cold as she went



O'er the path so well known still proceeded
the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight :
Tho' the gateway she enter'd, she felt not
afraid ;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and the
shade,
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.
All around her was silent, save when the rude
blast
Howl'd dismally round the whole pile ;
Over wood-cover'd fragments still fearless she
pass'd,
And arriv'd at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.



Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly
 drew near,
 And hastily gather'd the bough ;
 When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on
 her ear,
 She paus'd and she listen'd, all eager to hear
 And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her
 head ;
 She listened—nought else could she hear :
 The wind ceased ; her heart sunk in her bosom
 with dread, [tread
 For she heard in the ruins, distinctly, the
 Of footsteps approaching, her near



Behind a white column, half breathless with
 fear,
 She crept to conceal herself there :
 That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone
 clear,
 And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians
 appear
 And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart's blood
 curdled cold !
 Again the rough wind hurried by :
 It blew off the hat of the one, and behold !
 Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled
 She fell—and expected to die.



'Curse the hat,' he exclaims. 'Nay, come on
 and first hide
 The dead body,' his comrade replies,
 She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
 She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
 And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the
 door
 She cast her eyes horribly round ;
 Her limbs could support her faint burthen no
 more ;
 But exhausted and breathless she sank on
 the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound